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CONTENTS

Junior Number

Cover Design.....Velma Wallace
Contents Page.....Marvin Davidson
Junior Staff

Editorials—Emil Carlson, Charles Howard, Clarence Fackler, Carl Christopherson, Juanita Maitland, Gertrude Lash.

The Call of the Spring.....Warren Bassett
Polly's House Party.....Pearl Ridgeway
My Earliest Ambition.....Ward Williams
The Joke That Was Not a Joke.....

.....Rudolph Rasmussen
His Mascot.....Margaret Haver
Snapshots

What's Doing.....Ruth Holt, Minnie Silverman
Cartoon.....Charles Crowe
Organizations—Kenneth Henkle, Edna Curtis, Tom Hudson.

Notions—Helen Greever, Cole Bertholf, Dorothy Wood.

Cartoon.....Marvin Davidson

Athletics—Rudolph Rasmussen, Reuben Hussman
Cartoon.....George Holland

Interviewer.....Prudence Peirce, Ward Williams

Alumni...Gretchen Koenigsberger, Amy Coventry

Diary.....Gladys Hudson, Lawrence Carter

Exchanges.....Ruth Nims, Gerald Van Horn

Ye Jester.....Warren Bassett, Bruce Gould





JUNIOR STAFF

Top Row: Velma Wallace, Amy Coventry, Warren Bassett, Ruth Nims, Bruce Gould, Reuben Hussman, Helen Greever, Prudence Peirce, Oleta Love, Lawrence Carter.
 Middle Row: Gladys Hudson, Ruth Holt, Clarence Fackler, Marvin Davidson, Gerald Van Horn, Ruth Cohen, Edna Curtis, Juanita Maitland.
 Bottom Row: Cole Bertholf, Rudolph Rasmussen, Kenneth Hinkle, Tom Hudson, Carl Christopherson, Margaret Haver, Minnie Silverman.



THE QUILL

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No. 7

CLARENCE FACKLER

CARL CHRISTOPHERSON

JUANETA MAITLAND

It is not a building which makes a high school. Neither is it a group of learned teachers. *The Spirit of High School and the High School Spirit* Neither is it a multitude of students. Buildings, teachers, students—all these are necessary factors, indeed, but still not the fundamental element which gives unity and purpose to the high school. Back of them all, under it all is an idea. This we may call the spirit of the school.

But if it is true, that there is a spirit of the high school, so it is likewise true that there is a high school spirit. By this latter term is understood the loyalty, enthusiasm and devotion of the students for their school. Strictly speaking, we should use the term to mean the attitude which the student body, as a whole, assumes to the school.

Let us not be misled by the thought that high school spirit is nothing but the effervescence of youthful enthusiasm exhibited in exercises of rivalry with other similar schools. It, no doubt, shows itself on such occasions, but only as the foam upon the waves; the mighty current, big with possibilities for the school's weal or woe, is equally present in the silent stream.

The determination of the direction

in which this current is to flow, rests very largely with the spirit of the individual when he becomes a member of the high school family. No one should seek membership in this family who finds himself out of sympathy with the idea of the school, and who knows in advance that he cannot strive for the realization of those ideas and principles. On the other hand, once enrolled under the banner of the school, every enlisted member should be true to the colors, and should be devoted to the idea of which the colors are the symbol.

The high school spirit, therefore, is that spirit pervading the members of the school body which is thoroughly in sympathy with the fundamental idea of the high school, which jealously guards its honor, and which is enthusiastic in carrying forward its program.

Emil Carlson

The question is continually being asked: "Do the pupils of East High really appreciate that magnificent building with all of its modern equipment?"

Appreciation

Since it isn't the privilege of the entire body to openly answer this ques-

tion, I shall take advantage of this opportunity to do so. First, what do we mean by appreciation? Do the words "Oh, I am so very, very grateful to you," carry with them the full sense of the word, appreciation? I should say, No! Does continually admiring its beautiful architecture give the spirit of appreciation? No! Then, what really constitutes appreciation? Here's the keynote to the whole situation: The fellow who is willing to undergo the tremendous amount of physical pain, caused by bending his aged back to pick up a piece of loose crayon, paper, wood or any other article that might be laying around in the corridors or other parts of the building—this is the fellow who really appreciates East High. The fellow who is willing to put himself to the least bit of trouble by not cutting across the lawn, and by doing other little things like that, is the fellow that really appreciates his school. In the proportion as we do these things, we shall answer this question.

Let it be said that you appreciate East High.

Charles P. Howard

This building is the place where we spend most of our sunlight hours. We

Our Home

arrive early in the morning and leave in mid-afternoon, and for all that period of time, it is a home for more than one-thousand of us. The question then arises, "Do we treat it as a home?" The four hundred and fifty thousand dollars that the people of Des Moines appropriated for our use and enjoyment—do we remember that investment? Does it seem that we have remembered it when we glance at the ink stains on the floor, the finger prints on the walls, the scratches in the furniture? Surely we would protect a half-million dollars if it were in our possession. Is not this building under our protection and care just as much as the half-million dollars would be—had the money been given us?

Answer the question, "How much is

this building worth to me?" and then watch yourself closely, and see whether the investment is a paying investment so far as you are concerned.

Clarence Fackler

What's wrong with East High this spring? Have all the students got spring fever, or is the good old East High spirit lost?

Get Busy

If it is the former, get over it and get to work for your school; or if it is the latter, do your part in bringing back the old spirit and making the school alive once more.

There are many ways in which you can do this. Look at the tennis courts. They need to be put in order. As soon as someone does fix them up, notice the crowd there will be around there wanting to play.

What has become of the orchestra? A year or two ago we heard from them once every week, and sometimes oftener. Now, our freshmen do not know what a high school orchestra is.

What about the glee clubs? Haven't we more boys and girls in our school who can sing? If you can sing, join the glee club. And the band? Are we going to let these instruments that Mr. Ellison gave us, lie around and rust? We need a band to play for us at the East-West game next fall, and now is the time to start practicing. Come on, fellows, start a band.

Look at our track team. The fellows that are out are working hard, but there are not enough of them. Don't think that you can't do anything. Get out and try. Besides helping the school, you will benefit yourself. Get out for track.

These are some of the ways in which you can help the school. You can surely do one of these things. Try it, anyway, and see how it goes.

Carl Christopherson

Best Behavior—An Unworn Garment

It is not advisable for anyone to be so very polite and well-behaved at school that he is uncomfortable. A pupil ought to feel at home always, so

his behavior at home and at school should be alike. By this, it is not meant that one should do everything at school which he does at home. But, for instance, if you are in the habit of hiding gum, stuffing all the locks, playing tag and cracking the whip, if you practice running up and down-stairs four at a time, then, of course, you can do all those things here also, for no one asks more of you than that you treat your school as you do your home.

If at home you give vent to artistic tendencies by decorating the various walks with strange and marvelous designs; if at your home-table, you dispose of a slice of bread in two bites, drink a glass of water at a gulp, employ a knife and forefinger instead of the silverware; if you supplement your meal with confiscated portions of your small brother's, then you deserve not criticism, but pity, because your early education has been so sadly neglected.

On the other hand, if you do not do any of the above mentioned peculiarities, then why do them at school?

If your mother came to visit school, would she be able to recognize you immediately? How about your manners?

Everyone desires to appear always at his very best. Now, there is a garment, never affected by style or time, a garment which is the most becoming one in your wardrobe, and which you cannot afford to overlook. That garment is your "Best Behavior." This is the one thing which will admit you into the best society of the school. Suppose, then, that all of us wore our "Best Behavior" all the time, don't you think peculiarities would disappear?

Try wearing your "Best Behavior" and note the effect.

Juanita Maitland

Where are the old-time assemblies we all liked so well? They seem to have vanished

Old-Time Assemblies entirely from our school life. No more do the faculty smile down on us from the platform. No more do we have our opening exercises. No more do we enjoy those delightful impromptu programs which brought us all in closer touch with each other. In place of these, have come "announcements!"

And why have our assemblies changed so? Because a few spoiled children would rather talk than be talked to; because a few will insist upon beautifying (?) themselves in assembly; and because some of us haven't self-control enough to be good listeners. I am sure we all liked the old assemblies much better than these "announcement" kind. Let us not lose the good things from our school life, for we are losing a good thing when we let those old-time assemblies drift away from us, and leave only a shadow of the real thing behind. Let us show by good behavior, that we appreciate the good old-time assemblies, and that we should like to have them back.

Gertrude Lash

Many pupils of the school are in need of books for reference work on various subjects

A New Privilege every day in the week. The City

Library has arranged so that the pupils of any high school or college may ask that references be laid out for them on any subject in which they are interested. A table is reserved for East High. If you have any references for your English, history, science or debating, here is where you will find the material.

Clarence Fackler



LITERARY



OLETA LOVE

RUTH COHEN

MARGARET HAVER

The Call of the Spring

WARREN BASSETT

A great flock of grey Canadian geese rode majestically on the miniature waves of a Southern lagoon. All winter they had dipped lazily in the warm waters, or had flown slowly to the neighboring fields for food.

But now a strange restlessness pervaded the flock. They would paddle along swiftly, half rise into the air and flap their grey wings as if they were eager to spring into the air and fly away. Their harsh chatterings had become sharper and more insistent.

At last, one balmy evening, their leader, after a few preliminary "honks" sprang from the water and mounted high in the air. The rest of the flock followed eagerly, and when they had reached a sufficient height, formed into their characteristic V, wheeled away and swept towards the far cold north. All through the night they flew tirelessly toward their goal. When the sun began to glow in the east, they began to fly slowly and they soon saw far below them a small, secluded lake. As they drew nearer, the leader gave a few sharp cries and darted ahead, while the flock flew slowly—so slowly that they seemed to hang almost motionless in the air. The leader circled the lake from a great height and then swung lower and lower, scanning with sharp eyes, the ground and water beneath. As he was about to rejoin the flock and lead them to the water, two men suddenly jumped from their blind of brush. Two reports split the air and the shot

whizzed behind him, but in the instant between his first sight of the men and the reports of the guns, he had towered so swiftly that the shot had missed him. The rest of the flock had also ascended at the sounds and he soon rejoined them.

They continued their flight till another lake was seen. This the leader also inspected, but with double care, with the memory of his recent escape in his mind, nothing suspicious was seen on the lake, so the flock alighted on the calm waters and immediately fell to searching for food. They would dive deeply and come to the top showing glistening drops in every direction. Some would beat their wings and cry shrilly as if bidding defiance to the world. Others swam quietly in the sun, arching their graceful necks and pruning their shining feathers. All day they swam in the lake, feeding, playing and resting.

At evening they resumed their flight. Over rivers and fields, villages and towns they swept, sending their thrilling "Ka honk, ka honk, honk."

A farmer, driving home from town late at night, heard their call and half muttered, "The spring is here," and fell to thinking of his plowing, his planting and his future crops.

On and on went the flock, filling the air with their happy cries. They were now far north, flying over the huge tracts of forest land.

A tribe of Indians emancipated from

the long, severe winter, were encamped on a lake shore. As the flock passed over far above, a young brave rose from his blankets by the fire. He stood motionless, gazing into the still, black sky till the cries of the flock could be heard no more. Then he lay down again and said to himself, "Wa

Wa has flown, the spring is near, the fish will be running, the caribou will return, the birds will come, the time of plenty is approaching."

Onward went the flock, calling down their joyous message, drawn to those vast northern reaches, by instinct and the call of the spring.

Polly's House Party

PEARL RIDGEWAY

'Twas in the month of July and wild mace was springing up everywhere. The distant butte took on a glorious spring dress of yellow violets with white jumbo lilies inter-mixed. Purple buffalo flowers made a girdle of silk; her hat was finished with the loveliest cactus lilies nature could afford, with a side-trimming of pink roses; her skirt was trimmed with velvet California poppies, which swayed and rustled in the breeze. At her feet at one side, lived a clan of prairie dogs whose clear yip, yip was the sun's first morning greeting. Near the other side nestled the home of a wealthy ranchman, and at a distance browsed the lazy cattle.

In the little, low, rambling house all was hum and bustle. Polly, her unruly curls tucked into a cap, wearing a large white apron and carrying a broom in one hand, a duster in the other, with a streak of dust on one cheek and a smudge on her forehead, gazed longingly at a letter that lay crumpled on the dresser.

"Goodness, child, do get washed and cleaned—you're a perfect fright. Do you know it is 10:30 now? Everything's in splendid order, isn't it? And you know they arrive at 2:40," said a kindly voice which wakened Polly from her dream.

This was Polly's first year at home after four years of strenuous, but gay college life, and she was giving a house-party to a few of her eastern friends.

"Well, I do think everything's splendid now," said Polly, "and oh, mother," as she grasped her mother in her arms and whirled her round and round, "just think what a wonderful time we will have."

"Dearie me, Polly," answered her mother breathlessly, "you still are as boyish as ever—I really thought college would make a young lady of you, and I was afraid," searching her daughter's face, "perhaps, too—"

"There you go again, mother," laughed Polly, "scolding me, when you know you really don't mean it. You're spoiling me, don't you know it? I'm off for the kitchen to make some cream puffs for dinner. S'pose Sally will object to my being in the kitchen?"

"Gracious, no, she'll be glad to get sight of you before your friends come. But be careful and don't cook your face until it's all pink, and don't—" But her sentence was left unfinished, for Polly had rushed off to carry out her plan.

The train was just about two minutes late, but to Polly, who sat with as much eastern grace as her western accommodations could afford, it seemed ages. Polly had drilled a stiff old cowboy to act as her driver, and in place of bringing riding ponies, as she knew the girls expected, she had brought a high spring-wagon, hoping to surprise her friends. What was the use of getting just what you expected?

Variety was the spice of life, was Polly's reasoning.

Polly met her friends on the platform, and after much giggling and many loving squeezes, she marched them around to the carriage. Grace, Polly's bosom friend, looked at the means of travel, and then poutingly said, "Well, Polly, I thought we had come west. You know you promised to meet us in western style, and here you are with as much mock Eastern style as possible."

Polly was pleased that her plan had not failed and, rushing around to Grace, she said as she fairly pulled her off her feet:

"I was afraid to start you in too soon, but since you insist, I'll see what can be done." Then turning to the stiff old driver she said:

"You may ride Prince home after he is shod, and I'll drive for the young ladies. Now, Grace, you may show us what a fine wild westerner you are, by driving home in my place," and, so saying, she jumped in, picked up the reins and waited for Grace to scramble in beside her. The other girls daintily helped themselves in, and shouted for glee as Grace awkwardly picked up the lines and timidly bade her horses go.

When they had reached the low-roofed cottage, each girl declared that never had they had such a delightful ride. After being introduced to Polly's mother and father, they were shown to their rooms. Each room was shared by two girls as their future home for at least a month. There were Nally and Fay, both of a quiet, scholarly manner; Helen and Edith, both timid, but determined to be cow-girls before they left; and Grace and Polly, better known as the boys, because of their boyish pranks and wholesome good nature.

That night Grace and Polly laughed and talked long into the night. The house was still and the mystery of the beautiful night stole in upon them. They had just fallen into a delightful slumber when, someplace out on that vast expanse of prairie, a lost coyote

called to its mate. Its weird, lonely cry awakened each visitor with a start and they lay shaking, with their heads covered and their mouths stuffed to keep from screaming.

"Polly! Polly! Oh, what was that?" gasped Grace in muffled tones.

"What?" asked Polly, sleepily.

"That. Hear it? Isn't it terrible?" as the weird notes again resounded over the prairies.

"That's a coyote," answered Polly. "It can't hurt you, it's out somewhere on the prairie. Do go to sleep and I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

The next morning six horses impatiently stamped and pranced out near the door, until six girls, attired in riding habits, appeared, each to choose her broncho. From the bunk-house curious cowboys gazed upon the visions of sweet, fresh maidenhood, and, as cowboys' imaginations are always running riot, each could see himself rescuing one of these beauties from a run-away horse. But, much to their disappointment, the girls did not so much as smile in their direction.

"I'll take this pony that's all spotted," announced Grace, as she scrambled on.

"That's a pinto, dearie," added Polly, as if she were telling a child.

"I can't ride that way," whimpered Nally, "I must have a side-saddle."

"You'll never get such a thing here," laughed Polly. "Why this is Dakota. Who ever rode a side-saddle in Dakota? People would laugh at you and dub you a lunger, Nally. Now be a good girl and don't spoil your own fun. Here, let me help you up. You just wait. You'll never ride a side-saddle again, once you learn to ride this way."

They rode along very slowly at first, while Nally accustomed herself to this barbaric way of riding, but before long, with a shout, "This is great," she pulled out in front of the party and gave them a chase of about a mile, and the fun had really started.

The girls had gone about three miles, when suddenly Fay's horse

lunged, almost upsetting his mistress, but Polly's accustomed eye noted the cause. A clear shot rang out and a rattle-snake, coiled to strike, lunged, but missed its aim and fell to the ground dead. Polly had almost replaced her revolver before the girls could recover from the surprise. Then, with the agility of a born rider, Polly got off and handed the reins to Grace. While she cut off the rattles and handed them to Fay, she explained that a knife and gun were invaluable in that part of the country.

As Polly was throwing herself into the saddle, a broad-shouldered, dark, handsome young fellow rode up.

"Hello, Miss Polly," he greeted her, "did you do that?"

"Surely," answered Polly with feigned disappointment that he should ask such a thing.

"It's a fine shot," he added, as he looked down at the fallen enemy, and then rode on, but Polly shouted after him.

"Jake, are you still in favor of selling me Jim? He's gentle and I need a gentle horse for Fay; King's just a little too flighty."

"No, ma'am," answered the Indian modestly. "I—er—I'm going to be married and Jim is a good match for Billy, and I think I shall keep him," he added.

Polly did not laugh, though the idea

of Jake's being married was very funny to her."

"I'm sorry I can't get Jim, but I'm greatly pleased to hear of your marriage. Many congratulations, Jake," and she turned to go on.

"Miss Polly," Jake swallowed hard several times, "I—you may bring your friends to the wedding if you want to, and I assure you, you'll never regret it. We always have quite a great time. Come tomorrow and stay for all three days. I should like my wife to meet you and your friends."

"You see," said Polly, after they had thanked the Indian and accepted the invitation, "he is an educated Indian. Did you notice he called his bride his wife, and not his squaw?"

The Indian wedding was all that their imagination had painted it. Tom-toms and Indian dances, rough-riding and races were the first day's program. The second day was a repetition of the first, only that the girls became better acquainted and enjoyed the fun much better. The third day the Indians branded the cattle which had been given the groom, with his brand, and a new range of cattle was turned loose.

This sort of wedding was a very new experience for the eastern girls, and Fay declared that if ever she wrote a book she would tell about that delightful wedding. The girls gave their unanimous vote, that whether the book was good or not, they would read it just for the Indian wedding.





My Earliest Ambition

WARD WILLIAMS

My one and only ambition when a small boy was to become a great big, wild, rough and ready cowboy. Not a mere cowboy, but one that was second to none with horse, rope or gun, and one, that by a word could turn the rough inhabitant of a small mining camp to stone. I longed to be able to rope a wild steer on a dead run; to hit the pupil of a gnat's eye at least nine out of ten shots; to be known as the best horseman of the Rockies by mastering the wildest and most notable man-killing broncho for my steed.

In preparing myself for my future work, I had guns of all descriptions carved out of wood, but my pet six-shooter was an old brass water faucet. "Silver Heels," my outlawed broncho, was an old broom-stick. The cats and dogs of the neighborhood served as the bears, tigers, steers or anything which the occasion called for, while my little brother was made to take the part of a horse-thief. As I galloped up the street on "Silver Heels," past the culprit, he would receive several shots from my six-shooter. But should he

refuse to take alarm, as was usually the case with a new cat or dog in the neighborhood, the old faucet was thrown at the culprit, and, as I never had to try this kind of argument on the same "critter" twice, my greatest boast was that of being the best marksman in the neighborhood. As a result, the daily gallops of "Stormy Pete" (myself) became the terror of every pet in the neighboring district.

But one day, when practicing upstairs while mother was away, the treacherous outlaw took advantage of his wild owner and threw him downstairs. Down I came, bump—bump—bing—plunk! I struck the bottom. When I got up and made an inventory of my wounds, I had a pair of skinned shins and a bump on the back of my head. Then, gritty fellow that I was, I stood the pain without a whimper, because I was afraid to tell mother what I had been doing. But, for some reason, recovery from bruises brought on a feeling of dislike toward the idea of being a cowboy.

Studying in the Library

A Monologue.

Say, girlie, I have been waiting an age for you. We want to study, don't we? This library is just the best place to work in, anyhow. I just love to get my lessons here. We ought to study English first, kid, for I was so mortified in class today when the teacher asked me something I didn't know. Oh, dear, he does scare me so. I just wouldn't let it happen again for anything in the world. Isn't that the way you feel? I know just how to—horrors, Bess, here comes the librarian. Open your book! "Is wheat value or

wealth?" Answer me quick. He'll think we're studying Political Economy. "If a shoemaker has someone else to work for him and just collects the money, who is the shoemaker?" Never was so scared in my life. Thought sure as Mike he was coming straight for us, when he stopped at that little Freshie. That's right, we haven't got our geometry lesson yet. What's it about? Explain it to me after we read it over. Oh, Bess, let me tell you just one thing more first. Guess who I saw yesterday. You know who it was; he

once said to you—Jiggers! here's that librarian again. Bess, do open the history, page 261. "Is a criminal a criminal?" No. "Is he responsible?" No. "Is a thief normal?" No—I'm really scared of that librarian. I'm glad

he's gone again. There's the bell. Let's study together some other time, Bess. Two heads are better than one, and then, too, it's lots more pleasant. This library is great to study in.

The Joke That Was Not a Joke

RUDOLPH RASMUSSEN

It was a camp on the most beautiful part of the river. Surrounded by large elms and willows, it was shielded from the scorching sun. There was a swimming pool and a boat landing just a short distance away, which provided great pleasure for the group of twelve boys who made up the camp.

"Snail," as the boys called him, because of his slowness in getting around, was a tall, slender chap with hair the color of the sky when the sun is sinking. He was the joke of the gang, and without him there would have been very little life in the camp. Ted, a large, dark-complexioned fellow, was always looking for a chance to play a joke on someone else, and he could seldom be found lounging around.

One fine morning late in the month of June, when the alarm clock went off with a buzz, Ted was the first to respond to the call. He opened his eyes, looked around awhile, then piled out and awoke the rest of the boys. He dressed and went over to the eating tent. To his surprise, he found that they were out of provisions. In a few minutes the rest of the boys came hustling in with hopes of getting something to eat, but were sadly disappointed to find that they were out of eatables. They drew straws to see who should go to town after the grub, and as usual, the errand went to "Snail." After the list of groceries was made out, he got into the boat and started down the river.

Time flew on and he soon reached town. He ordered the groceries, took

them to the river bank and put them in the boat. Being very hungry, he decided to eat something before returning, so he made a hearty meal from his supply of groceries.

In the meantime, at camp, Ted had been thinking of a joke to play on someone, and as usual, he suggested it on Snail, but he needed some women's clothes. Jean agreed to go to a camp a couple of doors up and get some togs from Lucile Jones. He soon returned with the outfit and they immediately set to work stuffing them and, in a short time they had a dummy rigged up in good shape, and started down the river with it. They landed about a mile below, tied a rope around the dummy and anchored it with a rock in the middle of the river. When they saw "Snail" coming they hurried to shore and concealed themselves behind some brush to await the outcome.

"Snail" came up the river whistling merrily. Jack, who had a voice almost like that of a girl, gave two loud cries for help. "Snail's" whistling ceased as he heard the cries and he spied the girl. The boys were having the time of their lives behind the brush, laughing at "Snail." He pulled off his coat and jumped in. In his hurry to save the lady, he tipped the boat as he jumped. The packages of groceries scattered and many of them started floating down stream. A look of gloom came over the boys when they saw the groceries go sailing down with the current. When "Snail" discovered that

he had rescued a dummy, he swam to shore. He ran right into the boys.

"Well," said "Snail", as he looked the bunch over, "that was a good joke, but why so sad?" He saw their eyes glued on the packages which were fast disappearing down the river, and he knew the cause of the gloom.

"Boys," said "Snail" as he left the

bunch of disappointed and hungry fellows, "the joke for once happened to be at your own expense. I ate my breakfast on the way up. Good-bye, good luck to you."

He started up toward the camp in his dripping clothes, leaving the boys to get something to eat as best they could.

His Mascot

MARGARET HAVER

Tim stretched himself out on the grassy bank and sighed. He was very tired. His little legs ached woefully and there was a dull pain over his eyes. As he lay there squinting up at the stray sunbeams that sifted through the sparse foliage, and listening to the drumming and humming of the factories in the not far-distant town, he realized for the first time in his twelve years, the responsibility of life. To be sure he was his own master, but tramping and begging, sleeping in freight cars and hay mows was not always pleasant. When the sun shone, it was hot, and when it rained (as it seemed to almost all the time) the damp, chill would creep into his bones until he almost wished he had a home and folks like other boys. Then his lip would quiver and he would sigh a little, but Tim was not a coward, and such moods never lasted for any time.

The grass was soft and fragrant; the gentle ripple of the brook was soothing, and it sang a lullaby to Tim, making his tired eyes and aching muscles relax. His lids drooped and twitched and closed, and soon the regular rise and fall of the little chest told that he was in the land of dreams—a happy land and the only one that seemed to him worth while.

As he slept, his vagrant fancy flew back to the home that once was his. Once more he was in a dingy sitting-room. Father was there—that was before his drinking days, before his eyes had lost their merry twinkle; Mother was there, and there, best of

all, was baby. Baby, with his chubby cheeks and merry laugh, his dimpled hands and happy eyes, now bouncing on Timmie's knees, throwing both arms around Timmie's neck and cooing gayly as Timmie looked into the questioning brown eyes and said, "Does baby love Timmie?" Then baby would crow and gurgle and Timmie was satisfied.

The old picture was so vivid that he could feel the little face against his own. He threw an arm about baby's neck, but started, for the little curls were rough, the little face was cold. He shivered and opened his eyes. Something still rubbed against his sunburnt nose. He raised himself on his elbow and there beside him was a big, black dog.

Tim looked his new acquaintance over carefully before he spoke.

"Who are you?" he said. The dog wagged his tail timidly.

"You ain't very pretty," said Tim.

Again the bushy tail waved to and fro.

"What d' you want?" inquired our friend cautiously. For a moment there was no answer, then a very dusty black paw was thrust into Tim's lap. Tim seized it and cordially shook it. "Now your'e talkin'," he said, and slapping him gayly, the two rolled over and over.

As neither stood on his dignity, it did not take long for them to become fast friends, and all hot and panting from their romp, they stooped down together and drank the clear water of

the brook. Then Tim looked at the dog, and the dog looked at him.

"Say, dog," said Tim, "is you agoin' t' stick by me?"

The black paw waved widely in the air and Tim shook it.

"All right," he said, "it's a go." Then he added inquiringly, "I don't know your name yet." Again the paw. Tim looked deep into the brown eyes a moment, then he spoke slowly:

"I didn't think I could ever do it, but—but I'm going to."

Then a sad, solemn expression came over his face. "I'm a-goin' t' call y'u Baby," he said.

Dropping on both knees, he took the big, honest head between his hands and, looking into his eyes, said: "Does Baby love Timmie?"

Baby's eyes, paw and tail said that he did. That night they slept in the lee of a friendly corn-crib. Baby made a splendid pillow, and the pile of straw proved so comfortable that they slept till long after daylight and were awakened by a genial farmer who gave them a good breakfast before they started on their wanderings.

At noon they were unable to find a lunch, but at night a large piece of bread served them so well, that Tim said to Baby as they lay in a warm hay mow, "You's my mascot, Baby. I ain't et so much in a week."

Baby's eyes glowed with pride and he insisted on shaking hands until Tim's arm ached.

Each day the two became closer friends. Tim loved Baby with all the love so long pent up in his desolate little heart, and Baby loved Tim. Together they tramped and begged, sharing every rude bed, sharing every crust.

They did their best, but somehow, the continual rebuffs bent little Tim's

spirit and he could not get much food. Baby's pitiful and gentle eyes helped to melt many icy hearts, but in spite of all, Tim grew thinner and thinner, and the little cheek-bones became painfully prominent on the wan face. Sometimes when Tim was cold and hungry and Baby was weak and gaunt, they would look at each other just as on the first day by the brook, and Tim would say with a quiver in his voice, "Does Baby love Timmie?" and the noble dog-soul in Baby would pour an answer out of his eyes that seemed to satisfy the boy. Tim would pillow his throbbing head in the black curls and dream of the old days and the other baby, while a watchful eye was always open to see that no harm came.

But one day it did come. They were in a little inland city, tired, hungry and unsuccessful in their search for a supper. They went down to the river and watched the big flat steamers unloading their piles of lumber and coal. Tim tried to whistle, but a gnawing pain in his stomach warned him to stop. He tried to play with Baby, but his heart was not in it. Tim was not a coward, and swallowing down the lumps that rose, he seized a stick and threw it a little way up the bank, saying huskily, "Sick 'em, Baby." Baby summoned his strength and fetched the stick, panting and wagging his tail. Again Tim threw the stick, but the effort was too great. A mist gathered before his eyes. He felt dizzy. He staggered a moment to recover himself, then reeled too near the edge of the wharf. There was a splash, and then another, and a black head and a yellow one struggled side by side, until nothing but some widening circles and a few bubbles marked the spot where Tim and Baby lay.

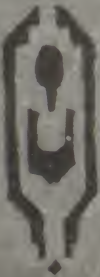




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POSING



JUST A CROWD



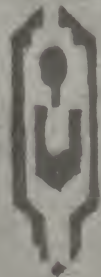
SUNNY BEN



BASHFUL ?



HAPPY





RUTH HOLT

MINNIE SILVERMAN

On the evening of Friday, March the eighth, the Seniors entertained themselves at a hard-time party in the gymnasium. Folk dances and various games were the diversions of the evening. Ice cream cones and candy were the refreshments served.

Those who witnessed the German play, "Aschenmodel," in the music room Thursday afternoon, March the twenty-fifth, spent an enjoyable forty-five minutes. This play was given by the members of Miss Bush's Sophomore German Class, and directed by Miss Bush herself. The costumes and scenery were complete, and all in all, the play was a great success. Invitations were extended to all those studying German.

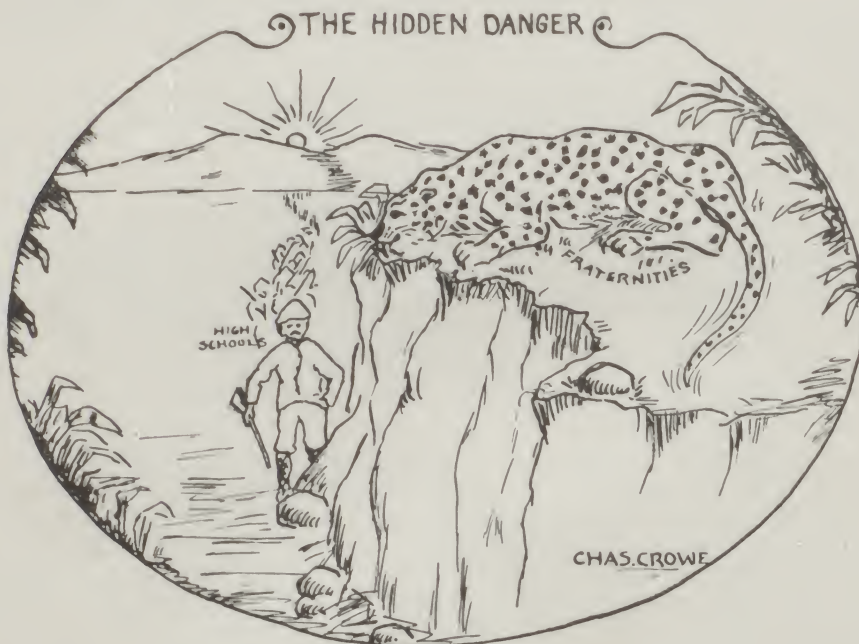
On Friday, March the twenty-sixth, the last day before spring vacation, the school enjoyed a very entertaining program lasting about a half hour—what we should call short but sweet. Solos from Gretchen Winterrowd and Clarence Bishard were enjoyed; also readings from Katherine Dodge, Anna Maitland and Sally Webb.

The Grinnell College Glee Club gave a concert in the East High Auditorium on Friday evening, March the twenty-sixth. Special rates were given to students and it was a very enjoyable concert.

Friday, April the ninth, an assembly was called after lunch, and everyone hurriedly rushed into the assembly room. They hardly expected a large assembly as they had already had two this week. But sure enough, Mr. Slinker came upon the platform and introduced to us a representative from the Remington typewriter company, who distributed several awards. Those receiving card cases for their efficiency in typewriting were: Stella Clayman, Joe Isaacson, Philip Miller, Ruth Holt and Maud Welch. Lillian Shepherd received a gold medal for writing fifty-five words a minute. The assembly closed with speeches from Miss Poorbaugh and Miss Ethel.

The Norden Singing Society gave their annual spring entertainment in East High, April the seventh. Mr. Lindquest, of Chicago, and Mr. Ogden were the features of the program.

All were ready for an assembly Wednesday afternoon, April the seventh, when three bells rang. Mrs. Davis was introduced, and spoke on scientific temperance investigation. She is at the head of the International Society of Scientific Temperance. The beginning of this work was made by Dr. Hodge in Massachusetts, who made alcoholic experiments on some Cocker spaniels. Mrs. Davis told how the alcoholized puppies were hand-



icapped in every way. She gave an invaluable sermon on temperance from the scientific standpoint. We were surely glad to have Mrs. Davis with us.

"Aunt Jane," one of the best farces ever given in East High, was presented to a full house, on the evening of April thirteenth, by the boys of the football squad. The play deals with typical student life. The cast was all composed of boys, some of them taking girls' parts, which were played exceedingly well. The make-ups were astonishingly realistic, and caused a great deal of laughter. The cast was such a large one that it is hard to pick out individual stars, but it is safe to say that each fellow was a star in his role.

Mrs. Boggsby, popular landlady.....
Delno Hall
 Scotch MacAllister, football captain..
John Patterson
 Ted Chesildine, the college cut-up....
Hubert Shufelt
 Shorty Long, the freshman.....
Vane Overturff

Billy Van Dorn (on the Glee Club)...
Horace Odendahl
 Mixer (on the Glee Club)..Sam Dietz
 Jimmy Cavendish, a rah-rah boy.....
Victor Weiser
 Leviticus, the Ace of Spades.....
Cecil Stone
 Marjorie Haviland, the college widow..
Mac Byers
 Mrs. Mollie Styles, a honey-mooner..
Frank Staves
 Miss "Jim" Channing, the girl from
 DixieEugene Matthews
 Professor Senacherib Popp, the chair
 of PhilosophyIrvin Vernon
 Mrs. Cleopatra Popp, a faculty type..
Leon Smith
 Major Kilpepper, the head of the
 militaryWill Murphy
 Doctor Twiggs, on the faculty.....
Tom Hudson
 Mrs. Twiggs, a motherly old soul.....
Russell Erwin
 Miss Twiggs, a relic of other days....
Ralph Gould
 President Gilchrist, "Prexy".....
Will Cowan
 Mrs. Gilchrist.....Warren Bassett



Prof. Schlauber.....Franz Wood
Mrs. Schlauber.....Ben Winterrowd
Miss Schlauber.....Belvel Richter
Lieutenant Small.....Phil Clayman
Prof. Schmaltz.....Ellwyn Lucas
Doctor Dorchester.....Ray Peterson
Miss Jane Cavendish, from Wall St.,
New York.....Bruce Gould

The mid-year class from Wallace school, attended a celebration at their "Alma Mater," in honor of the seventy-ninth birthday of Mr. Henry Wallace.

A gymnasium assembly was called March 19, for an indoor basketball game, the Seniors vs. the Juniors. Enthusiasm prevailed throughout the entire game. The Juniors were the victims, of course!

Mr. McClanahan, an inspector of high schools, was one of the many speakers during the month of March.

He spoke of an eastern school, which was very interesting. Mr. McClanahan said that he expected to see our high school listed with those which meet the highest collegiate requirements, and where the students may enter colleges without examinations.

The second annual entertainment of Emerson school was given in East High April 6. The first part of the program consisted of vocal solos. Following this, "Jayville Junction," a laughable farce, was given by the Parent-Teachers' Association of that school.

On the morning of April 7, Miss Goodrell greeted us with an assembly. Lieutenant-governor Harding gave an interesting and helpful talk. He emphasized the fact that we should take advantage of the opportunities given us, so as to prepare for life.

ORGANIZATIONS

KENNETH HENKLE

EDNA CURTIS

TOM HUDSON

Bible Classes.

Oh, is that so? Why, I thought everyone knew about that. Yes, we're having a fine time up there at the Bible Class. Mr. Wilson has charge of it, and every Thursday at the study period, we have a real live meeting. Maybe you've had the wrong impression. It isn't dry and uninteresting, and if you will join us we guarantee that you won't even become sleepy.

Boys' Glee Club.

The Boys' Glee Club has been having a fine run since they settled down to work and quit wasting time. For a while there wasn't much interest in the music, but now that has been eliminated. We have been doing a good deal of outside singing, and we have rendered a selection or two for the school. There is only one respect in which there might be improvement,



and that is in the membership. There is plenty of talent in this school if we can get it out.

Girls' Glee Club.

The Girls' Glee Club is one of our best organizations, and one that we should be proud of. Besides singing at several entertainments given at the school, they sang for the P. E. O. Society Saturday, March 27. The selections were, "The Lost Chord," and "The Morning Invitation."

The Girls' Bible Class.

Are you a girl? And you don't know what the Girls' Bible Class is doing! Where's your school spirit? Come up to the music room next Wednesday during the study hour, and find out what you've been missing. We are studying the book of John, and every week take one chapter. Our class is growing in enthusiasm, as well as in numbers. There are now about one hundred and ten enrolled, and their enthusiasm can't be measured.

The Girls' Club.

The purpose of the club, recently organized for the girls of the school, is two-fold: To promote a spirit of good-fellowship and friendship among the girls in East High, and to provide opportunities for helpfulness to others. This organization promises to fill a long-felt want. Put yourself in the place of a strange girl. Should you want to be left to wander about the corridors by yourself?

Among the various committees of this organization is a "Glad Hand Committee," that will look after these newcomers and make them welcome. Then there are Social, Program, Look-out and Service Committees. Through these, arrangement is made for sending flowers or notes of sympathy in case of sickness; for looking up girls who drop out of school, and if possible, persuading them to return; and for any other thing in the line of social service that it is possible for the girls to render. The meetings, held every

two weeks, alternate between program and business. Besides the regular program meeting, the Social Committee will have in hand other social affairs. Why don't you join, girls? The dues are within the reach of all—only ten cents a semester. The following officers were elected for the first six weeks:

Oleta Love	President
Ruth Holt	Vice-President
Ruth Percival	Secretary
Sara Sloan	Treasurer
Ruth Cohen	Reporter

Debating Society.

The Boys' Debating Society has been meeting each week. One noticeable thing in the society this year is the fact that there are always more Juniors present at the meetings than all other classes together. On March 16, an interesting debate was given on the question, Resolved: That cities of over 20,000 population should adopt the city manager plan of government.

Affirmative: Gould, Olson.

Negative: Jacobson, Berlovich, Clayman.

The debate was declared a draw.

March 25, the subject for the main debate was, Resolved: That the immigrants to the United States should be required to pass a literary test.

Affirmative: Adams, LaSalle, Richter.

Negative: Fackler, Hudson, Bassett.

The officers elected for the ensuing month were:

President	Sandahl
Vice-President	Hartle
Secretary	Fackler
Sergeant-at-arms	Goldenson

On account of vacation, the society did not meet again until April 6. On that evening the subject for debate was, Resolved: That state police service is more desirable than local police service in Iowa.

Affirmative: Goldenson, Olson, Hudson.

Negative: Bassett, Gould, Henkle.

Decision awarded to the negative.

The society is under the competent direction of Rev. L. K. Smith, and is getting a great deal of practical knowledge each meeting through the debates and the discussion of the good and bad qualities of the program.

Choral Club.

The Choral Club is not a new organization, for it is always organized at commencement time. However, the organization and purpose is just a little different this year from what it

has been before and the club has its own officers:

President, Dean Mitchell, and Secretary, Tom Hudson. A large number have joined, but the club still lacks a sufficient number of boys. Chorus work, such as this, is very helpful.

The club meets each Monday at the study period and everyone is urged to join. East High can easily have a large chorus of which it will be justly proud, and which will be a credit to the school.



HELEN GREEVER

COLE BERTHOLF

DOROTHY WOODS

FOR SALE: Eloquence of a very high order, together with perfect knowledge of parliamentary law. Supply limited.—Boys' Debating Society.

FOR SALE: At low rates, surplus time in study room. Those rushed for time should take advantage while stock lasts. Address "Helen P.", care this paper.

WANTED: A mediator. Must be capable and willing to devote third hour to arbitration between territories of Osborne and Chapman. No weak person need apply.—Miss Wickware.

WANTED: A throat and voice specialist. **Urgent.**—Isadore Chapman.

WANTED: A grade higher than V. G., as an incentive to attain greater excellence.—Gladys Parsons.

A verbal want ad. (heard by Miss Gabriel): "Oh, kid, gimme your chamois! I have to take an English test."

WANTED: A well-lighted and spacious hall for picture exhibition. Will have best collection of recent pictures of Senior Beauties ever shown.—Delno Hall.

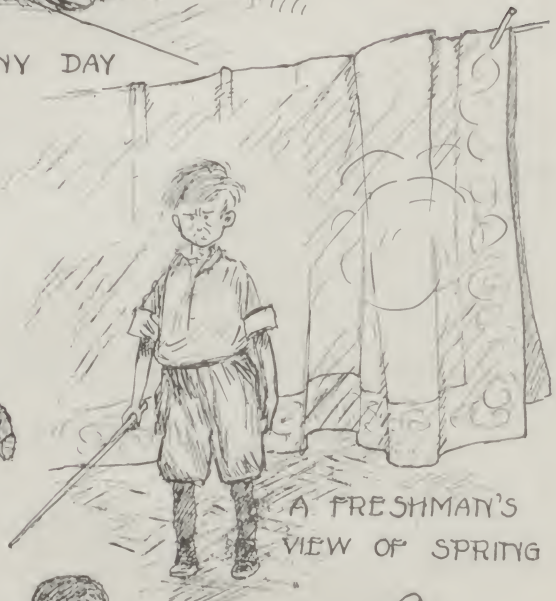
SURE SIGNS OF SPRING



PREPARING FOR A RAINY DAY



TRACK ASPIRATIONS



A FRESHMAN'S
VIEW OF SPRING



SPRING FEVER



M. Davidson

Read Dame Courtesy's Year Book.

Contains very original ways of celebrating all holidays. Special attention given to costumes for St. Patrick's Day.

E. H. S. Dates.

Are the choicest and best dates made. They are sugar-laden and their flavor is such that they might have been grown in the Garden of Eden. Sold only in individual packages. Ask any Senior Belle about the excellence of this standard East High product.

The State Suffrage Parade.

Don't miss this delightful description of the Suffrage parade at Washington, D. C. The author was an eyewitness to the parade and the events that led up to it in Congress. Mr. E. J. Pollock heartily recommends this little book to those interested in the great questions of the age.

Three study periods wasted daily on play or indolence, will, if devoted to concentration on lessons, make an ignorant pupil bright in a few weeks, and employed in hard study, will make his graduation a fruitful harvest.

Adapted.

"I certainly have a fast bunch of Juniors," remarked Van one day when I was talking to him out by the cinder track.

"I agree with you," I answered, "for I have been a Junior since the first of this semester. But I don't believe I know the Juniors as well as you, so please tell me about them."

"Well, you know the back field on the football team was all Juniors, except Chub," Van remarked proudly.

"So?" I answered, merely trying to get him to tell more.

"Yes," he said, "there was Mac at quarter, Pip at full, Shuey at right half, and Hungry at left half. Besides, Ted is a full-back good enough for any high-school team, but, of course, he

couldn't beat a guy like Pip out of his position."

I told Van that I thought it queer that all the Juniors on the team played in the back field.

"That isn't all of them that are good players," he said. "There is Tubby Tew, a sub-guard, that won his blanket, and Mitch, another guard, that out-played his man most of the time; besides, the second team was mostly Juniors."

"From what the Juniors did in football, I suppose you expect great things from them in track?"

"Well, I see no reason why they won't do great things when they have a Junior captain, and they are in fine shape, from having a winning team in basketball."

Just when I thought I was going to get the names of some Junior track-stars, a Senior called to Van and wanted to learn how to put the shot. As Van hurried to help the Senior out of his sad affair, I thought to myself, "It's no use for Mr. Van Liew to teach him how, because Overturff will win the shotput this year."

The Quill is pleased to announce that the epidemic of sore eyes, which has raged so fiercely throughout the school, has been somewhat quelled by our timely rest during the spring vacation. The epidemic is reported to have been caused by Will Murphy's "wearing of the green" on St. Patrick's Day. Mr. Murphy's green shirt has been the cause of much comment, and also, we regret to say—so much trouble with our eyes. The Quill does not wish to become at all partisan in this matter, yet we feel it is our duty to inform Mr. Murphy, on behalf of the school, that any more attempts to wear the said green shirt will be considered as dangerous to the general welfare of the school, and will be strictly suppressed by that body.

Do you know that—

East High has 1189 students enrolled?



Helen Pugh once was a shy, bashful, quiet little girl?

We have with us 453 Freshmen?

Saxon season has opened?

East High entered in the Drake Relay Meet?

We have thirty-nine members of the faculty?

"Fat" Irwin is a good, motherly, old soul?

East High is being taken for a city kindergarten?

We are going to enter in the city meet on May 8? Better be there. Make it a thousand!

Can you remember when we had—

A teacher who did not give return slips?

Henie Haas and Harned LeGore for chief comedians?

Good old "good-time" assemblies?

Impromptu programs in the Gym?

Freshmen who looked as though they belonged in High School?

"Get-acquainted" class parties?

"School spirit and East High enthusiasm?

"Sings" on the front steps?

All our lessons every day?

Out-door intermissions?

The ever late Mr. Edwinaldo Byers with us?

We have heard that Nell Nelson and Betty Warner are going to take the 8:30 Northwestern to Ames soon. For further details, see Arthur Bark.

QUERIES.

What have become of all the "club" pins we once saw around school?

Why do blondes appeal to Nell and Wilian?

Why have some of our most-esteemed fellow-students been missed from their wanted places recently?

How does it happen that we hear Miss Cummings calling five "Jacks" her Senior period? We always have understood that a regular deck was limited to four.

Are the boys trying to make us all blind and deaf? Anyone might think so, to see and hear the new summer

shirts which are springing into evidence.

FOR SALE: A perfectly good, little used, wad of gum. Bargain to the first man who applies—23 13th Street. Elmer Spears.

All who desire special instruction in first-year German, apply to Professor Howard Prine.

WANTED TO BUY: A complete set of Junior Physics experiments, all marked 4.—Helen Greever, Irene Finn.

Do you know them?

Her coat is scarlet, her scarf is pink.

He wears a light touch of down on his upper lip, and a green suit.

Yes, I believe her eyes are brown.

Very small, generally talking to "him."

She's so thin, she must step twice to make a shadow.

The brilliant touch of color she gives the Junior class!

The stripes are brilliant, blue and rose. Some class!

Her eyes are wells of azure blue, her hair a mass of gold. (Almost a poet, nicht wahr?)

UTTER IMPOSSIBILITIES.

For Franz Wood to quit kidding the gentler sex.

For George Wequist to quit talking baseball.

For Tom Hudson to quit arguing.

For Lawrence Carter to wear a tie that does not blind the gazer with its flaming colors.

For Elinor Melcher to quit seeing movies.

For Sallie Webb not to think of love.

For Helen Pugh to keep awake at the seventh period.

For Wilian Willets to quit joy-riding.

For Hester Melcher to quit joy-riding.

For Marie Hale to quit winking.

The Quill

Somewhat back from Thirteenth street
Stands a Des Moines High School seat,
Across its Grecian portico
The knotty oaks their shadows throw.
And from their stations in the hall,
The high school teachers speak to all,
"Forever work;
Never shirk."

Half way in their rooms they stand,
Watching the pupils of the land.
And as they scan them with their eyes,
The pupils hear their haunting cries.
They warn each one from every class,
With joyless voice as they all pass.
"Forever work;
Never shirk."

By day their voice is low and light,
But in the silent dead of night
Distinct their hovering voices fall,
As they re-echo from the hall.
Along the ceiling, from the floor
Is heard at every chamber door,
"Forever work;
Never shirk."

And while vacation's flying fast,
They hold this motto to their mast,
So when the school term's starting o'er
This rhyme will haunt us all once more.
And as the days pass with the sun,
These words still wander with each
one—

"Forever work;
Never shirk."



Being greatly desirous of "special mention," these staff members failed to get in the group. Gretchen Koenigsberger, Dorothy Woods, Ward Williams, Allan Greasby.

ATHLETICS

RUDOLPH RASMUSSEN

REUBEN HUSSMAN

On Friday, March 19, the entire school assembled in the gym., during the seventh period, to witness the deciding game of basketball of the present series. The game was the most hotly-contested that has ever been played on the gym. floor. The fact that it was the deciding game, brought forth the best efforts of both sides, and for the same reason, there was some pugilistic work indulged in. The supporters of their respective teams were never sure as to the outcome until the final whistle. While Byers starred for the winners, the guarding of Philleo featured for the losers.

Juniors	Seniors
Byers.....F.....	Gould
C. Banta.....F.....	Shaeffer
Howard.....C.....	Lucas
Peterson.....G.....	Anderson
R. Banta.....G.....	Philleo

Summary:

Field throws—Byers 3, C. Banta, Howard, Gould 3, Lucas, Shaeffer.

Free throws—C. Banta, Howard 4, Gould 2, Lucas, Shaeffer.

Substitutes—Overturf for Peterson, Erwin for Anderson.

Referee—Griffith.

Umpire—Hull.

While the freshmen were losing to the sophomores, the juniors were defeating the seniors, thereby winning the championship in the Shrimp division. The senior team was composed of little Delno Hall and four other warriors about the size of Jesse Willard. The junior team consisted of Bruce Gould, Carl Borg, Edward Early, Martin Carlson and Earl Hammond.

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

East High should have more men out for track. Boys, get out and help our school to have a successful track season.

Bullpups Get Revenge.

The Drake Freshmen avenged their recent defeat at the hands of the East High boys, by defeating them in an indoor meet at the Drake gym, by a large margin of 47 2-5 to 24 3-5.

Lucius Irvin, of the Bullpups, took individual honors. "Red" Shufelt, with a leap of 19 feet 1 inch, "Pip" Overturf with a shove of 39 feet 2 inches, and Story with a high jump of 5 feet 3 inches, won firsts for the Scarlet and Black.

Summary of events:

Broad jump—Shufelt (East) first, Irvin (Drake) second, Yarn (East) third. Distance, 19 feet 1 inch.

Shot put—Overturf (East) first, Blodgett (Drake) second, Barringer (Drake) third. Distance, 39 feet 2 inches.

High jump—Story (East) first, Blodgett, G. Blackburn, D. Blackburn, Irvin (Drake), Yarn and Klinger (East) tied for second. Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

Pole vault—Irvin (Drake) first, Brown (Drake) second, Shufelt (East) third. Height, 10 feet 4 inches.

25-yard dash—Blodgett, Brown, D. Blackburn, G. Blackburn, Stewart, Allbaugh, Sullivan and Irvin (Drake) tied for first. Time, :03 2-5.

25-yard low hurdles—Irvin (Drake) first, Brown (Drake) second, Blodgett (Drake) third.

25-yard high hurdles—Irvin (Drake) first, Barringer (Drake) second, Story (East) third.

Relay Race—East High won. (Spears, Byers, Yarn and Shaeffer), Drake second.

A Scientist's Track Meet

I went to a track-meet of scientists,
For I wondered how they'd score;
And this meet will always impress me
As none ever did before.

The men who started as sprinters,
If I am able to say,
Thought of some phoney old problem
That T equals V over A.

When they all lined up for the high
jump,
So as to make everything fair,
They got this line from their physics
That S equals G T square.

And now when it came to the mile,
That their points might not be less,
They thought, as they lined for the
starting,
That strain is proportional to stress.

Now they all got ready for the shotput,
And so as not their muscles to sever,
They continued their line of thinking
By using their one-arm lever.

This shows the value of learning,
What thought and training will do;
Now don't take this thing too se-
riously,
Though it may be helpful to you.

GETTING HIM READY TO FIGHT



INTERVIEWER

PRUDENCE PEIRCE

WARD WILLIAMS

"Kid, I just have to," Sally Webb was heard to declaim the other day. "I just have to, that's all. Why, I wouldn't feel happy if I didn't giggle about every ten minutes. I don't know why it is, but somehow, a good, well-finished-off giggle seems to build me up—strengthen me, as it were. It fattens me, it clears my brain; why, I am much more able to grasp the great questions of the age, after a nice lively giggle!"

"But, don't think that I am the only one who profits by my giggle, for that certainly isn't the case. Think how much good I do the pupils. I relieve many dull, aching heads, for when I giggle, **everybody** giggles. I could give you example after example, where my giggle has cured chronic cases of the blues, after all other doctors had pronounced them hopeless, but I will not, for I feel that you realize how much good I am doing in this world without that.

The teachers, too, profit by my foolishness. Think how dull it would be to teach a perfectly proper class. To save them from this fearful monotony, I do my best in the way of giggling, and I am sure that they appreciate my efforts. Gracious! There comes Margaret Schaffer with a call for me. That girl up in two-hundred and nineteen, is probably suffering from acute frownitis again. I told her not to eat those green pickles at lunch, but she would do it. Well, I guess I'll have to go and giggle for her. So long."

"Why did we have spring vacation?" I asked of Tom Hudson in the hall the other day.

"Well, I know why I had it," he responded. "I think it is very unreasonable to have been asked to do the

things I had to do. I was informed three weeks before that there was plenty to do. There was the garage to be cleaned, the car to be polished, the basement to be cleaned and a dozen other things.

"Of course, there were some, for instance Roy Banta, who sat and read all the time, except for a few minutes one day, when he scrubbed the walks. Some others, like Ward Williams even went out of town to have their fun.

"The girls, of course, did not do much during vacation, perhaps some of them washed a few dishes, but the remainder of the time they did their tatting and crocheting. They did not have very much sympathy for us boys who worked so much harder.

"I think, perhaps, spring vacation was made for a rest, but I do not think many of us boys received that delightful enjoyment."

The next person I approached was Catherine Christensen, and when I put the question to her, she answered as follows:

"Well, I hardly know, but I think that they give us the spring vacation, so that we can rest up. Maybe they think that we can do better work after a week of rest."

My next victim was Irene Finn, whose reply to my query was short and sweet.

"To dust our brains," she said.

A minute or two later, I espied Dorothy Woods in the corridor, and rushing up to her, said, "Why do we have spring vacation?"

Giving me a scornful glance, she immediately answered, "So that I can clean house."

The Quill

I perceived that she was in a rather pessimistic mood, so I straightway made for Mary Scott.

She pondered for several minutes on my weighty question, but, finally her face shone with the light of a brilliant thought.

"The teachers can't think of enough lessons to give us," she announced triumphantly. "So they just have to let us quit for a week."

By this time I had grown rather tired of asking this question, and, feeling sufficiently enlightened thereon, I wended my way to the lunch room to see if they had anything good to eat.

"It really is something terrible," mourned Ben Winterrowd the other day, "the way the automobile is degenerating. Why, it's got so that a person can take a one-mile ride now without having anything bust at all. Well do I remember the good old days when one could never tell whether he would reach his destination alive or not. I remember that once I was almost blown up, just after I had invested in my touring car. I was riding comfortably around town at the moderate rate of seventy miles an hour, when suddenly something that nature had never intended should be parted, was forcibly torn asunder. It was a rather exciting moment for me, because I wasn't just sure whether it was I or the automobile that had suffered. However, after I had recovered sufficiently to investigate, I learned that we had both sustained rather serious injuries. Many other happy recollections of my youthful days now brighten my memory, but I fear that those fair days have gone forever. You

don't ever hear of a real, good, old-fashioned auto accident now-a-days. Of course, something rather exciting happens once in a while, but these cases are so few and far between that they aren't worth bothering about. No, I greatly fear that those happy days are over," and the Boy Speedomist of eight continents sighed gustily, while a bright, salty tear gleamed in his left eye.


The other day I approached Virgil Still on the subject of "Latin," thinking that I might glean some valuable information from one bearing such an excellent Roman name.

"It was written in the stars that I should pursue the study of Latin," he said. "Being fated in this way, I have been pursuing that language since my Freshman year, but I have not succeeded in catching up with it yet. There have been times when I felt that gerundives, ablative absolutes and sequence of tenses, would be mine before the setting of the sun. But alas, although I had outstretched my hands to grasp them, the vision faded like a mirage, and my grade remained the same—or dropped."


"But why," I questioned, "if studying Latin has been such a discouraging task, didn't you quit when you returned from Gaul with Caesar? Why have you bothered yourself with Cicero's fiery eloquence?"

"Ah, no," he replied, "Cicero is but the stepping stone to the works of the man for whom I was named. You see, the stars foretold that if I kept a courageous heart, I would in the end, master Virgil."





ALUMNI



 GRETCHEN KOENIGSBERGER

AMY COVENTRY

'Twas spring; the grass was green, the trees were budded, the pussy-willows were out and an occasional violet had managed to throw off its winter coverlet.

The birds were flitting in and out, among the trees, recalling old acquaintances and making new friendships.

Said one little robin to another, "There is so much to do and there are so many things to say, where in the world shall we begin?"

"Well," said the other little robin, "I must have a new nest this year, for my old one has been taken, I find."

"Oh, by the way," said the one, "I passed East High on my way out here the other day, while searching for my last year's nest, and would you believe it, things were so changed since last year that I could hardly believe my eyes? Why, I saw scarcely a pupil whom I knew. Where are the ones we used to know? I saw Miss Goodrell, so it must be the same school."

"Ha, ha!" said the other, "I had the same experience," and he proceeded to chirp this little refrain:

Oh where, and oh where,

Are the boys we used to know?

Oh where, and oh where,

Are the girls we used to know?

They've gone out into the wide world To seek their fortunes, great or small, And whatever they may have done,

They've not forgotten dear East High.

By this time quite a flock had gathered, and among them they accounted for the following:

Kathleen Guth, '13, is working in the Auditor's office at the State House.

Bess Williams is doing stenographic work in the office of the State Board of Health.

Louis Adleman, '13, who entered West Point, has been seen in Des Moines of late.

Jimmy Koons, a former East High student, is studying law at Drake forenoons, and gaining practical experience in the office of the Capitol Extension the rest of the day.

Mildred Jones, '13, is successfully completing her Sophomore year at the University of Colorado, Colorado Springs.

Fred Hast, '12, has been confined for several months with inflammatory rheumatism. His sister, Georgia, also an East High graduate, sends interesting letters, telling of war preparations near her home in Calcutta, India.

East High is well-represented at the State House this year, it seems. Among those working there, are: Esther Paul, '13; Fred Lundgren, '13; Gail Andrews, Neil Garrett, '12; Addie McQuiston, George Guth and Muriel Mitchell, '13.

Elbert Hall, '00, is holding a responsible position as Assistant Postmaster at the State House. He has passed the Civil Service Examinations with high honors.

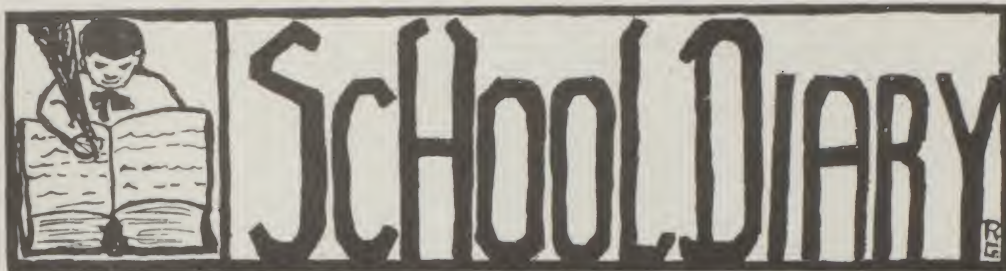
Olive Goetz, '08, is stenographer for the American Yeomen.

Ralph Marriott, a member of the class of 1914, passed away on Thursday, March 25. The members of the Junior Quill staff extend the sincerest sympathy of the school, both to the members of the family and to his many friends.

Hans Pfund, '08, is assistant manager of the Monarch Engineering Co.

Ralph Geary, '12, is working for the Brown-Camp Hardware Co.

Erwin Deemer, '13, is attending Grinnell.



GLADYS HUDSON

LAWRENCE CARTER

As I was passing through the corridor one day, I noticed a package of paper on the floor. Thinking it was somebody's lesson, I picked it up and found it was a B. Freshman girl's letter home to her sister in the country. We publish the letter so the owner will know it is safe. She is requested to call at the Quill office and claim her property.

Dear Sister Sue:

Since Pa has objected to my using so many stamps, and you are interested in this school, I am going to write the happenings in diary form, and not send them so often.

A week ago Monday we were entertained by lessons. My, it seems cruel to start the week out that way.

Tuesday the Girls' Glee Club sang. They surely can sing.

Wednesday I went to my English class, and when I got there, I discovered I had left my theme in my locker, so my teacher sent me after it—not my locker, but my lesson. My locker is a big long thing like the closet where Pa keeps the harness. Well, as I was going there, I passed another English room. A big, tall boy was reciting, and you can't guess what he had around his neck—a green collar and a green tie. I remembered when Old Betsy had the foot and mouth disease, Pa put liniment on her neck and I was sure that was what ailed him. So I let out and ran and never stopped till I got clear to my locker. Well, I got my lesson and after class, we had an assembly and Miss Goodrell called him to the platform and then I knew he was just fooling.

Thursday there wasn't anything doing but lessons, and they were in full dress.

Friday Miss Goodrell said we were such good people—no, I believe she called us children, that she would let us go over to that building across the alley (they call it Jim's building, I guess that's the name of the man who donated it, but there are lots of Bills and Johns go there, too). We went, and the Junior and Senior boys played that game where they knock each other down twice for one time they throw the ball in the loop. It was very exciting, and, of course, the Juniors won. My! but I'd love to be a Junior. Then we had to go back to our lessons. I guess there always will be sad things mixed in with the happy.

Monday I came to school and heard some of the worst noise. It was all because Miss Cummings' girls who are studying to be teachers, received their grades from the State Teachers' Examination. I guess they all passed. By the way, they're all Juniors.

Tuesday there was music all day. My, I felt bad, not being able to sing all week long.

There was nothing unusual till Friday, the day before vacation, when we had three bells. Everyone was tickled. We had almost forgotten what they sounded like, since we hadn't heard them for so long. We had a program of just the pupils. First, a girl by the name of Gretchen Winterrowd, sang a song, and then two girls from our class, one, Katherine Dodge, and the other, Anna Maitland, gave readings.

Then Clarence Bishard gave a cornet solo. It was ended by some readings by Sally Webb.

No school for a whole week. Everyone thought, "how can we ever stand it?" Then everyone, except me, went to their homes or for a visit to

The Quill

the country. Just to think of you people taking smallpox just at vacation, and I have to stay here!

With love, Anne.

Monday, April 5—With the cuffs of the boys' trousers filled with straw, and everyone's hands rough and blistered, we have come back to school, feeling like discharged Leyden jars.

Tuesday, 6—We listened with intense interest to the exciting "mell-dramer" about Olof, the man who said too much. Here's hoping the boys will profit by Olof's mistake.

Wednesday, 7—The first real spring day—drooping eyelids, noisy neckties, vacuum intellects and big round zeros.

Thursday, 8—Many a strolling Harlequin, armed with "snap-shooters," paraded the sidewalks.

Friday, 9—Nothing unusual except that it is Friday.

Monday, 12—At last! I understand why boys are imitating the vivacious walk of Annette Kellerman; they are practicing for "Aunt Jane."

Tuesday, 13—Judging from the way our actors make love to each other's eyebrows, I believe they have been studying Gaby Desley's treatise, on "How to manage the brow."

Wednesday, 14—All we did was "reminisce" over the success of "Aunt Jane."

Thursday, 15—Many a gum-chewer can be heard muttering the fated words of Poe, "Quoth the raven nevermore."

Friday, 16—Drake meet tomorrow. Everyone is so timid that he conceals all of his pep.



EXCHANGES

RUTH NIMS

GERALD VAN HORN

"Oh, a party," cried Gretchen, as she looked up from her invitation. "What kind of a party and who's going?"

"Oh," we replied with a mysterious smile. "It's a new kind—a sort of surprise for the guests. You'll have to come and find out."

And they did come, every single one, so curious were they about this "new party," and the mystery which enveloped it. As they entered the parlor, they showed evident disappointment. No doubt they had been dreaming of all kinds of out-of-the-way places and curious decorations, but everything was as usual, except that the room was lighted by a bright, crackling fire in the grate, and arranged in a semi-circle around the fire-place were twelve chairs.

When each one had succeeded in finding just the chair he wanted, we managed to gain the attention of our guests and explain the first thing on the program. "First," we began, "we have some school papers from different high schools. We think they're quite interesting, and we want your opinion on them. Whenever you find a good joke or anything interesting, read it, so—"

Helen giggled, "Listen to this from the Oriole, from Baltimore, Md.:

Freshman: 'I'm doing my best to get a head.'

Senior: 'Heaven knows you need one.'

"Say," declared Jack, "They certainly must be having spring in Washington, to judge by the 'Tahoma'. This cover is certainly a good clue to what you find inside it. Here's a little piece of homely truth:

'White stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion

of a woman's life,' said the teacher.

Up piped little Morris Pipik and said: 'Well, then, why do the men always wear black?'

"The Tatler, from West High, has good department headings and well-developed departments," spoke James, the "Sober." "I think they have an interesting way of writing their Exchange Department."

"The Bone Yard, in the Bulletin from the Davenport High School, is good," ventured shy little Miriam. "Oh, here's a comment on our paper:

'The Quill, Des Moines: Your song was good; that page of cartoons won a loud giggle from us. The literary is poor this time.'

"Here's something which ought to interest you. The Pep, from Red Oak, Iowa, says that they are working for a new \$100,000 High School. To judge by the spirit of the Pep, they deserve it, and here's hopes for their success," fervently declared Gretchen.

"Ho, ho!" It was Joe's deep voice. "How's this from the Student Lantern, from Saginaw, Mich.:

A woman on trial in a big case was trying to prove an alibi.

'My maid was combing my hair at home at that time, your Honor,' she said.

'Yes,' said the judge, 'but where were you?'

"You do love to compliment women, Joe. What have you found in your paper, Mary?"

"I have the Gleam, from St. Paul, Minn. The editorials, especially the ones on school, honestly are interesting. I like their page of cartoons, on the uses of 'Just Pencils'."

"The Kyote, Billings, Mont.," boomed the deep voice of Martin, the

athlete. "is planning to start a tennis tournament similar to ours.

"The Red and White, from Iowa City, says:

"The Quill, from East Des Moines, has a very interesting way of writing up their Exchange and Alumni Departments.

"We can surely sympathize with them in this:

Teacher: "What is the liberty bell?"

Student: "The bell at the end of the seventh period."

"The Habit, from Salina, Kan.," said Louise, "is what I suppose the Exchange Department would call 'neat and newsy'. The Calendar of Revised Wisdoms is well-arranged. I think they need a few cartoons."

"Well, I think you've all done enough work, now. Suppose we have a little lunch."

"Work? Who said work? Don't you know this is vacation week?"

"Certainly! That's the reason for this party. You see, we are the Exchange Editors of the Junior Quill, and that we might not have to work in

vacation, we have let you do the work and have merely written down your jokes and comments. What's your opinion of our party?"

"Well, I never! Come on folks. Three cheers for the party."

When it was again still enough to hear yourself think, we announced, "Well, after that, we shall have to change our little lunch to a big one."

We gratefully acknowledge the following: "The Register," Omaha, Neb.; "Het Studenten Blad," Des Moines, Ia.; "Red and White," Woodstock, Ill.; "The Tooter," South Omaha, Neb.; "The Purple and Gray," Burlington, Ia.; "The Barb," Paullina, Ia.; "The Miltonvale College Monitor," Miltonvale, Kan.; "Red and White," Iowa City, Ia.; The "O.," Oskaloosa, Ia.; "The Lever," Colorado Springs, Colo.; "The Post," Portland, Ore.; "The Bumble 'B.," Boone, Ia.; "The Blue and White," Perry, Ia.; "The Wilmerching Life," San Francisco, Cal.; "The Totem," Seattle, Wash.





WARREN BASSETT

DE

JESTER

BRUCE GOULD

Florence H., (in Ancient History: "A sooth-sayer told Caesar to beware the Ides of March, because those people wanted to kill him.")

If at first you don't succeed, let George do it.

Wisdom may be the light of the world, but did you notice how dark it is around school?

The staff photographer has been trying to get some pictures of students at work and play. No one working.

We wonder if "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," would be featured in ten reels or not.

At last a cure has been found for pupils who have an inveterate propensity for being tardy. According to Miss Goodrell's plan, when she told some pupils to leave their classes at 3:15, so as to be in the assembly room at 3:00, the tardy ones could leave home at 8:45 and get here exactly at 8:30.

Miss Gabriel: "The Freshmen still retain that quality of a child—they ask many, many questions."

Speaking of that hand and foot type-writer—it must have been some feat to run it.

A man may take a bucket and pull up ninety gallons of water a day out of a well, but the man that can take a boat and pull up a river, is going some!

Delno Hall: "Lend me thirty-five cents. If I had it, I'd jump in the river."

R. Peterson: "Here it is, gladly."

Mr. Mahoney always says "President," when his name is called in roll-call in Debating Society. We don't know exactly what ought to be done, but it ought to be done.

President: "Now, we will hear C. Howard speak on the Japanese question."

Some depraved, mentally degenerate creature exclaimed, "We do not C. Howard."

The guy who sent those innocent Freshies up on the stage as the Freshman Shrimps, has got enough crust to start two bakeries.

Tom Hudson, perambulating down the hall: "I'm looking for a joke."

Comes Arthur Barker.

The Quill

'S Truth, Nate?

Someone said that Franz Wood will be wearing skirts, yet.

It Should Be Maltreated.

Mr. Peterson: "Did the sealing-wax have more or less electricity in it after charging the electroscope?"

C. Thorson: "It did not."

It Can't Be Did.

Miss Wickware: "Max, stand up and translate without saying a word."

Aw, Ruth!

Ruth Cohen wears a diamond on the third finger, left hand. Is it really true, Ruth?"

Just Like Life.

Father questioned his son about the knowledge he was gaining.

Son: "I've learned sphellin', readin', writin' and gazine." "

Father: "What's gazine?"

Son: "Why, two gazine four, six gazine twelve. Haven't you ever had it?"

Old Sporting Life.

Have you seen these misplaced eyebrows that the boys are wearing? They look like an eyebrow which had retreated to its second line of defense.

F. Anderson (giving current events): "Jack Johnson and Jesse Willard are to fight today in Havana, Cuba, for the world's—"

Miss Hanson (interrupting): "I think we do not need that."

"Evidently she is up on such things."

Clemency, Judge.

Glen Van Horn came into the forge room singing. "There is sunshine in my soul today."

C. Stone: "Yes, and there'll be 'stars in your crown' in a minute."

In the Cafeteria.

R. Smith (after setting up N. Smith to the frozen dainty) is saluted thusly: "Buy me some."

"Don't know you."

"Let's get acquainted."

Our Sentiments Are With Yuh.

D. Hall: "Had a little boxing-match with Murph, today."

R. Peterson: "Is he much good?"

D. Hall: "No!"

R. Peterson: "Good fight, then, eh?"

Definition.

A Freshman is that piece of humanity which says in accents loud: "I 'ain't got no sense, mine are all dollars."

Crawl Woids.

"The time will come," thundered forth a suffragette leader at the Women's Enlightenment Club, "when women will get men's wages."

Weak, hen-pecked hubby (in back row): "Yes, next Saturday night."

Learned by Bitter Experience.

Says Big Bill Hammer: "A man can pick out his ties (if not married), socks and collars, but he is not responsible for the face protruding from his collar."

And more and more the wonder grew—how one small head could hold all Leo thought he knew.

The reason some people wear their hat on the back of their head is—because there must be something there.

Ethel Goodrell does have a yearning for gumdrops.

THE WEEK'S PLAYS.

"A Fool There Was."

Harold Ray starring. He acts natural.

"The Heart Breakers."

Nellie Nelson and Wilian Willits. Front row, center.

Frankels
Suits

GRADUATES

and many others, will be buying blue serge suits in the next few weeks.

Many will buy "Yorkshire" suits, especially the more shrewd fellows.

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A \$500 Prize for Knowing How.

A young man stepped into my office three or four days ago and said, "Well, I have a real job." And he laid on my desk a contract under which he agreed to give his services for a year for \$500 a month—\$6,000.

"What are you going to do for this \$6,000, Roy?" I said.

"Well, ever since I left the C. C. C. C. I have been finding out everything possible about accounting, office management, factory management, etc., and I have accumulated a fund of knowledge that my employer thinks ought to be worth \$500 a month to him. While I have not thought that I was doing anything unusual, men now tell me that it is quite uncommon for young fellows to take advantage of the opportunities that they have to qualify themselves for good positions."

This young fellow came to us with a high school education, and throughout his course was a good student. He is now getting paid for knowing how, which leads me to remark that the world will pay more for "know how" than it will for any other thing of which a young person can possess himself.

In our line we furnish an excellent opportunity to acquire a valuable education in business—a "know how." You are invited to come to us when you have finished your high school course.

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"Elevating a Husband."

In which the leading parts are capably handled by Miss G. Winterrowd and Mr. Peterson.

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Jean Story is starred. His characterization is faultless.

"The Littlest Rebel."

Sallie Webb, as the principal light, is very saucy and sometimes, I fear, a trifle naughty.

"The Country Boy."

Ray Peterson as leading man.
This play is very realistic.

"One Man and Two Wives."

In which Vic Weiser shows ability.
It's all the rage—very human.

"The Divorce Question."

In which many a fair dame is seen trying to rid herself of the insidious attentions of G. T. Kern.

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In which Felix Gutshall is heard,
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I KNOW.

Every time a teacher gives her schol-
ars a piece of her mind, she loses some-
thing, and the poor, unprotected seek-
ers of knowledge gain nothing.

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When out in the woods you go;
It is just the thing you want
On your way to San Francisco.*

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mencement

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Tom H., (speaking of a character in
a book): "Why, it would be impos-
sible for a woman to do all that."

Miss Gabriel: "Oh, you know,
there are SOME clever women."

Tom H., to Nate S.: "I have a
compliment for you, Nate."

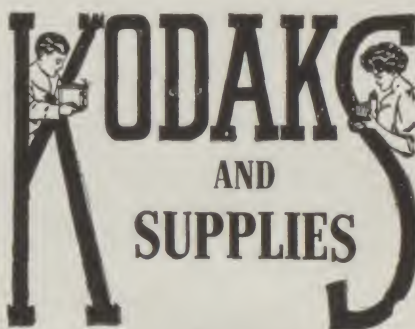
"You have?" exclaimed Nate, beam-
ing with anticipation, "what is it?"

"A teacher remarked that you
reminded her of spring—so fresh and
green."

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NEXT.

Teacher: "Here's an example in mental arithmetic—how old is a person born in 1888?"

Ordinary Pupil: "Was it a man or woman?"

Mr. Peterson: "The batteries which ring the school bells, are over the clock."

Roger W.: "Then do they work overtime?"

Caesar met his friend Brutus on the Capitoline steps one morning.

"Well, how many cold storage eggs did you eat this morning?" asked Brutus.

"Et tu, Brute," said Caesar.

"Why do the members of the Fleur De La Montagne Quartet move around while they sing?" asked someone in Debating Society.

"It makes them harder to hit," answered some cruel person.



EAST DES MOINES BRANCH

IT IS SPRING

And of course you want a good garden this year. Gardening is pleasant, healthful work, and you can easily save \$100.00 on your family expenses with a small garden on the city lot. Begin early by sending for a copy of our large descriptive catalogue which is a garden guide, as well. It is free.

IOWA SEED CO.

209-211 Walnut Street

416 EAST LOCUST STREET



FREE




One dozen ten-dollar photographs to the person who writes the best ad featuring graduation photographs for the Commencement number of the Quill. Contest closes May 10th, 1915. No ads requiring cuts will be accepted.

GUY WOODS

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Red 5243



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Evenings and Sundays by Appointment
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Telephones—Office, 963 Walnut
Residence, 1351 Maple

MODERN HUSTLE

THE AVERAGE MAN eats in a hurry and gets dyspepsia. He talks in a hurry and gets the lie. He does business in a hurry and becomes a bankrupt. He reads in a hurry and is superficial. He votes in a hurry and produces corruption. He marries in a hurry and gets a divorce. He gets an education in a hurry and forgets it in a hurry. He makes his will in a hurry and his heirs break it in a greater hurry.

A young man never makes a mistake when he hurries to save his money. The best way to save is to start a bank account.

**We Pay Four Per Cent
on Savings**

Capital City State Bank

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

Groceries and Meats

I. E. WEBSTER

COR. E. 14th AND LYON ST.

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East High Lunch Room

"We can live without poetry,
We can live without books,
But civilized man
Can not live without cooks."

The Homestead Co.

Phone, Wal. 1270

301 Locust St.

Printing-Engraving-Binding

Steel and Copperplate Engraving

*We Make a Specialty of College
Work—*

ANNUALS

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STATIONERY

*Complete Service—All Under One
Roof—Quality and Prices Right*

Yunker Brothers

Smart Haberdashery for the High School Boy

CONSTANT application to the study of what the young man requires, plus a trade connection with the best makers of haberdashery in the country, keep this store in the front rank of Iowa's best furnishers in the lines represented here.

THIS Store has a "hobby" of keeping the largest and best selections of 50c Ties; of \$1 Shirts; of \$1.50 Shirts, and so on. Naturally, the "hobby" resolves itself into a policy, in all the lines carried here—to have the best possible value at the price.

Next time you wish a Shirt, Tie, Collar or
Undergarment, try YUNKERS'

Haberdashery—First Floor

L and L Barber Shop

First-Class Hair Cutting
All Styles

Louis Malmanger

East 9th and Fremont

Carlson Studio

526 E. Locust Street
Over Hanger's Jewelry Store

Everything New in Photos

Call and see our new
line of graduation folders

Get a Submarine. This Is a Deep One.

Jiggs: "I hear the Kaiser is going to change the uniform of the German soldiers."

Briggs: "How so?"

Jiggs: "He's going to dress them in jokes so the English can't see them."

Briggs: "My kingdom for a brick."

Student: "I hear the school-board doesn't want Mr. Pollock any longer."

Second student: "Why?"

Student: "He's long enough now."

Tom H.: "Would an architect be a home-maker?"

Didn't chance to spy what a regular little rascal Eugene Matthews has got to be?

The loud noises heard in the building Friday, March 19, should not have caused any apprehension among the students. It only came from Clarence Story's gaudy new shoes.

The type-writing classes have been wondering why Carl Borg's neck is like a typewriter. The secret is now out—It's (an) Underwood.

Catherine C., (translating Cicero.): "A man of such great self-control, such great kindness and so human-like."

On St. Patrick's Day, what seemed to be a large, fresh, green bunch of freshies, on closer inspection, proved to be our own little Willie in his new green shirt and tie.

Cressey & Wingate

Theatrical and
Fancy Costumes

For Masque Balls, Operas, Dramas,
Tableaux, Caps and Gowns, Make-
up Goods, Masks, Beards, Wigs.

504 Walnut Street

Emil Anderson

Fine Shoe Repairing

The Man Who Cleats E. H. S.
Football Shoes

604 East Grand Avenue

Carl A. Berner & Co.

Prescription Specialists

S. W. Cor. East 16th and Grand Ave.

A complete line of Drugs,
Sundries and Toilet Articles

The Greatest Blunder is Not to Save

No man's success is greater than the elements which make for that success.

To save is the prime element of success—lay the foundation for your prosperity early in life.

Start that savings account with us now—we will add 4 per cent interest compounded semi-annually and help make it grow.

Iowa Trust & Savings Bank

Entire Second Floor Teachout Bldg.

N. E. Corner E. Fifth and Locust Streets

DES MOINES, IOWA

**If You Care for Quality—If You Want
Values that are Absolutely
Dependable**

Let us show you our young men's suits at

\$15 and \$20

They are unequalled by any other store anywhere



It is easy to learn the
new dance steps with the
music of

THE VICTROLA

The Fox Trot, Castle
Polka and all the other
new dances—all played
loud and clear and in
perfect tune.

*We guarantee every Vic-
trola we sell and give the
easiest of payments if de-
sired.*

Chase & West
312-314-316 W. Eighth St.

By unanimous vote, Nate Smith and
Mose Goldenson declare that the
thrill of a lifetime was when Roswald
Smith set 'em up to the ice cream.

Called from a country newspaper:
"The bride wore no jewels, just a few
pins a-showing here and there."

From the war news: "And the
shrill, shrieking of the swiftly-speeding
shrapnel soon silenced softer sounds."

EARNIE THE BARBER

Hair Cutting a Specialty

Price 25c

Same Location for Last Seven Years
East Ninth and Cleveland

This is a store for young men

WE sell good clothes from the leading makers of this country—the best looking and best wearing clothes in the world.

Your early inspection is invited—we await with interest your approval.

Let us show you our idea of good service and right prices.

GARFIELD
CLOTHING CO.
RENT SUITS AND SHIRTS

Reserved for

Dundee Woolen Mills

309 Sixth Avenue

\$15 Suits

Made to Wear--Made to Fit